

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for As-
similating the Food and Regula-
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Perfect Remedy for Constipa-
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have
Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

GEO. M. JOHNSON
—DEALER IN—
Ice! Ice! Ice!
IRONTON, MO.
Ice delivered in any quantity to any place in the Val-
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guaranteed.

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Budweiser Beer Depot
IRONTON, MO.
The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Anheuser's Famous Brew on Tap. Saloon one door north of Lopez's.

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Plans and specifications furnished on
application. Materials furnished, and
the patronage of the public is respect-
fully solicited.

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IRON COUNTY BANK,
IRONTON, MO.
Capital, \$10,000. Surplus, \$3,500.
Does a General Banking Business. Accounts Solicited.
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LOUIS MILLER,

St. Peter at the Gate.
(From the Rocky Mountain Herald.)
St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall, and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick, and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out.
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.
"O thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing in heaven to bar me out.
I've been to meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise to speak.
I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way.
I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall;
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan of their whole career.
I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good, and no voice is strong.
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man! I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults
He's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.
He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival or join in a hymn.
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But oh, St. Peter, I love him so!
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been,
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel, I know 'tis so!
That the unrepentant must fry below.
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray
But the Chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by that opening there
And never sit down in the easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dimmed
But I don't like the way your whiskers are
Trimmed;
They're cut too wide, and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight
across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"
St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But in spite of his office he had to laugh.
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gateway, you or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall.
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort that lady around to hell!"
The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone.
A lifelong, settled idea he had
That his wife was good, and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"
St. Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and stroked his crown.
Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself he spake.
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he
would.
"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp, with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel, give him a seat alone.
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest.
"See that on finest Ambrosia he feeds,
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and the future too!"
They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings.
And he said as he entered the Realm of Day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
And so the Scriptures had come to pass;
"The last shall be first, and the first shall
be last."

In Gay Paris.
HOTEL PERREY, PARIS, June 23, 1901.
Dear Friends—This is our sixth day
in Paris. Every day is so full that
there is little opportunity to write. In
some respects seeing is much better
than reading or hearing. Ever after
this, Cathedrals, pictures, scenery in
Normandy, Paris-streets gardens and
parks will mean vastly more to me. I
think I'll not attempt any descriptions
or give statistics which you can get
from books, but try to give you some
of my impressions, all the time realiz-
ing how futile the effort will prove to
give you any adequate conception of
things.
I have seen several street crowds.
Once there was some trouble over an
automobile—or perhaps there had
been a race. I was alone and not able
to interpret any of the numerous ex-
cited ejaculations I heard. Once a
poor little donkey fell in his traces and
a laughing crowd gathered about it.
The driving in the streets is appar-
ently reckless. Automobiles go whiz-
zing and carriages in long strings
where six can go abreast rush along
so that it is sometimes hard to catch a
moment for crossing when one is aloft.
In some streets there are little raised
places where one may take refuge and
stand while he looks for another chance
to get on. All omnibuses and many
street cars are double decked, and are
usually full, not crowded, for no more
are admitted than there are seats for.
The bus fare is 15 centimes (3c.). On
top and 30 centimes inside. If it is
not hot the top is best because you can
see so much better. We can get along
fast on the underground road, but
there are many steps to go down and
up, and nothing can be seen enroute.
On some accounts it is pleasant sailing
on the Seine, but here, too, there are
many steps to go down and up. Every
public building has many broad steps
to ascend and many of the floors, not-
ably in the Louvre, and Royal palace at
Versailles, are slippery, though very
clean and beautiful. They are in
figures of waxed oak. The numerous
bridges over the river are picturesque,
some elegant, a number of historic in-
terest.
The flowers here are so cheap, lovely
roses, orchids etc. There are elegant
displays in shop windows, and there
are many selling them from hand
carts and baskets on the streets. At
Versailles yesterday we picked wild
flowers, hellebores, English daisies, a
bright yellow pea like flower, some
lavender flowers somewhat like ragged
Robins, etc. The English Ivy is very
luxuriant, covering many tree trunks
and walls. I noticed Canterbury-bells
for sale and many bright flowers I do
not know.
I attended church, the Madeleine,
this afternoon when the music was fine.
There was a boy choir and five priests.
The boys wore red skirts and white
blouses. The priests had elegant white
satins robes embroidered with gold.
They marched, bowed, knelt, swung
censers, elevated the host, sung,
chanting and intoned. The worship-
pers, many at least, seemed devout.
I love to see the children here, all
seem happy (except one who accident-
ally fell into a fountain.) Marching
seems to be a favorite pastime. Bed-
time. By the way the candles do not
run over. They have three holes in
them.
E. F. MAY.
A Good Cough Medicine.
Many thousands have been restored
to health and happiness by the use of
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. If af-
flicted with any throat or lung trouble,
give it a trial for it is certain to prove
beneficial. Coughs that have resisted
all other treatment for years, have
yielded to this remedy and perfect
health been restored. Cases that
seemed hopeless, that the climate of
famous health resorts failed to benefit,
have been permanently cured by its
use. For sale by Arcadia Valley Drug
Company.

MINERAL WAX IN AUSTRIA.
Resinous Substance from the Earth
That Resembles the Product
of Bees.
Ozocerite, or mineral wax, is a resin-
ous substance in many respects re-
sembling beeswax. It is found in Aus-
tria-Hungary, Russia, Roumania,
Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico,
usually in connection with rock salt
and coal; but, so far, it has not been
discovered anywhere in sufficient
quantities to pay for the mining ex-
cept in the province of Boryslaw, in
the Austrian province of Galicia, and
to a limited extent at Tchelekan, an
island on the west coast of the Cas-
pian sea, writes Consul Frank W. Hoss-
feld, of Trieste, according to the De-
troit Free Press.
The existence of mineral wax in the
petroleum district of Boryslaw was
known about a century ago, but for
more than 50 years it was turned to no
account. In 1854, one R. Doms, a mer-
chant of Lemberg, opened a mine with
a view to utilizing ozocerite for illumi-
nating purposes. He also invented a
lamp adapted to the employment of
this combustible and had it patented.
The successful working of his mine
attracted the attention of a large num-
ber of speculators, who proceeded to
buy from the poor peasants small tracts
of land known to contain deposits of
covered material, and to sink shafts
upon their holdings, until in 1865 there
were around Boryslaw, on an area of
only 63 square miles, no less than 11,000
ozocerite pits, varying in depth from
25 to 170 feet. Want of working sur-
face and bad management in time com-
pelled by far the larger number of
mine owners to discontinue operations,
and those who have not been weeded
out under the operation of the inex-
orable law of the survival of the fittest
now seem to do a moderately lucrative
business.
Mining operations are commenced
by sinking a shaft and connecting it
by galleries with the beds, or "masses,"
containing the wax. Sometimes it
happens, when a nest is being opened,
that the enormous pressure of the
gases shut up in the same causes the
soft mass of wax to be forced out with
great vehemence. Such occurrences
greatly imperil the lives of the miners,
who are compelled to flee to some
higher part of the shaft for safety.
An official investigation made in 1898
showed that during the previous year
the ozocerite beds of Galicia covered
an area of 1,142,895 square yards, and
that there were 42 different mining
concerns, employing 5,413 operatives.
The output in that year was 17,068,920
pounds.
A FIGHT IN THE FOREST.
**Graphic Description of a Fierce Bat-
tle Between Two Bull Caribou**
for a Cow's Favor.
Once more the caribou confronted
his silt-eared rival, says Maximilian
Roosvelt, in Atlantic. The other's
strength and resources had grown,
too. His horns matched, almost, in
their bigness the bull's broad spread,
and he was big, too, in bulk and limb.
Don't! Unh! he grunted. His cow, ly-
ing hidden in a thicket, revealed her-
self, walking with a slow, stretching
stride into the open barren. The
bull's crests hung low before their
swollen necks and manes bristling with
savage rage. The cow cowered un-
der the open ground with moaning
intonation. At the call, the two fought
with further maddened energy, and
at last, inch by inch, the silt-eared rival
began to give way. His head was
matted with blood and froth, his eye
was dim and evil. At the first sign of
the coming victor plied himself
suddenly, and again sweeping for-
ward, his hocks straining for the im-
pulse, launched himself upon his foe.
Clang—clang! Their antlers struck to-
gether, wrestling. The silt-eared bull
fell back. He tried to turn and fly,
but the victor unmercifully pressed
him down. They wrestled then, and
their antlers grappling like arms,
when, with a sudden, swift onslaught,
the silt-eared bull was hurled back-
ward, vanquished and half dead. With
his last remaining strength he fled to
cover, the victor's prongs thudding a
quickstep on his ribs and thighs, while
the cow, calling low and clearly, bade
the victor return to her charms. Thus,
in the rising dawn, old scores were
wiped out, and the memory of dis-
graced defeat lived down.

THE BLISS OF FALLING.
Sensations Are Pleasant Even If
Death Does Follow the
Plunge.
According to the Medical Review
Prof. Hern, the geologist of Zurich, an
ardent Alpine climber, stated recently
in a lecture that life contained few
experiences more agreeable and en-
joyable than falling over a precipice
or slipping into a glacier crevasse.
Even the landing after the fall was
free from anything of pain or ter-
ror. Merely a jolt, and then uncon-
sciousness. Prof. Hern first cited the
sensations described by a Swiss
climber, who fell from the top of the
Karpfstock, in Switzerland.
"The plunge, which was taken
backward, was in nowise accom-
panied by the anxiety felt when one
dreams of falling. I seemed to be
borne in the most pleasant manner
gently downward, and had complete
consciousness during the entire fall.
Free from all pain or fear, I contem-
plated my position and the future of
my family, which I knew was as-
sured by the insurance I carried.
And this contemplation was accom-
panied with a rapidity which I had
never before known. Of the losing
of my breath, of which people talk,
there was no suggestion, and only
the heavy fall on the snow-covered
ground caused me to lose suddenly
and painlessly all consciousness. The
bruising of my head and limbs on
the rocks as I fell caused me no pain.
The reawakening, however, brought
with it entirely different and far less
agreeable sensations."
Of his own experience of the sen-
sations of falling, Prof. Hern said:
"As soon as I stumbled I saw that
I should be dashed over the rocks,
and awaited the shock. I dug my
fingers into the snow in the endeavor
to stop myself, but merely tore open
my finger tips, causing them all to
bleed, but feeling no pain from so
doing; I plainly heard the striking
of my head and back against the
rock, and the thud when I landed.
Pain, however, I did not feel until
half an hour later, when I revived.
During the fall came a flood of
thought. Every thought and impres-
sion was clear, in nowise dreary and
confused, and was logically connected
with the one which followed.
"First, I contemplated the prob-
ability of my fall, and said to myself:
"The rock over whose edge I shall
be dashed, evidently descends sheer,
for I cannot see the ground on the
other side. It becomes, therefore, a
question whether or not there is
snow at the foot. If so, the snow
will be melted near the wall and will
form a ledge on which I shall land,
and thus escape with my life; if not,
then I shall strike on the rocks be-
low and death will be unavoidable.
"Another train of thought busied
itself with the effect my fall would
have upon my companions. I said
to myself that when I landed, no
matter whether I was hurt or not,
I must, if possible, call out with all
my might: 'I am in a nowise in-
jured!' in order that my comrades
might arouse themselves from their terror
and be able to make the difficult de-
scent necessary for the bringing of
assistance to me. I also thought that
I should not deliver my lecture which,
five days later, was to mark my en-
trance into the professorship. I re-
alized how the news of my death would
shock my family, and in thought
tried to console them.
"Then I saw, as if upon a stage, my
entire life pass like a series of table-
aux before me. I saw myself the
chief actor. Everything seemed glo-
riously as by some heavenly light, and
all was beautiful and free from pain,
from anxiety and sorrow. Even the
memory of sad events was distinct,
but not sad. Exalted and beautiful
thoughts dominated and connected
the single scenes, and a divine quiet-
ude sank like sweet music into my
soul. Ever more and more plainly
I felt myself surrounded by a heaven
of glorious blue, filled with clouds of
rose color and of violet. I sank gently
and painlessly into it, and saw that
I was flying through the air toward
a field of snow. Objective observa-
tions, reasoning and subjective feel-
ings were indulged in clearly and si-
multaneously. Then I heard a dull
thud, and my fall was ended. At the
same moment it seemed to me
that a black object rushed by me,
and I called two or three times as
loudly as I could: 'I am in nowise
injured.' I took some drops of the
liquor. I reached out for my snow
glasses, which lay unbroken beside
me on the snow; I felt my back and
my limbs to see that no bones were
broken.
"When I struck I lost conscious-
ness. Every sensation, every activ-
ity of mind and nerve was annihilated
for a half hour. The black object
which passed me was the passing of
consciousness. And, without realiz-
ing this half-hour interruption,
thought and activity were resumed
exactly where they stopped. Between
the stopping and resuming was an
absolute blank. The beautiful heav-
enly visions were noticeable only dur-
ing the time that I was flying through
the air, and could see and think."
Prof. Hern said at the close of his
lecture that death by falling is sub-
jectively a pleasant death. Without
any previous illness or suffering, it
occurs when mental activity is ab-
normally increased, and without any
anxiety or pain. The unconscious
state is entered suddenly and with-
out suffering.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
Pray, O citizens of the republic, but
also agitate for irrigation, says the
Post-Dispatch.
A FACT
ABOUT THE "BLUES"
What is known as the "Blues"
is seldom occasioned by actual exist-
ing external conditions, but in the
great majority of cases by a disorder-
ed LIVER.
THIS IS A FACT
which may be demon-
strated by trying a course of
Tutt's Pills
They control and regulate the LIVER.
They bring hope and buoyancy to the
mind. They bring health and elastic-
ity to the body.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.
Conscientious Child.
Mary was a very conscientious child.
One day she was allowed to go and
spend the day with some little cousins
about her own age. After taking off
her wraps, she went to her aunt and
said soberly: "Now, Aunt Cassie, if
Sallie and Lizzie are bad to-day, please
don't hesitate to punish them because
I am here."—Current Literature.
Too Many Wives.
Miss Makeabit—it is my highest
ambition to marry some titled for-
eigner.
Mr. Jester—Why don't you try the
suit?
"S-i-i!"—Ohio State Journal.